

"DOCTOR WHO"

SERIES 'Q' - EPISODE THREE - THE SEARCH

by GLYN JONES.

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THE CAST

DOCTOR WHO
IAN CHESTERTON
BARBARA WRIGHT
VICKI

LOBOS
TOR
SITA
DAKO

MOROK COMMANDER
MOROK GUARD

OUTSIDE REHEARSALS:

12th - 16th April 1965.
London Transport Assembly Room,
Wood Lane, W.12. Shepherds Bush
(TUBE: White City (Central Line)
Shepherds Bush (Central or Met.Line).)

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Ian, Barbara and Vicki help a revolution -
only its success will help Doctor Who.

"DOCTOR WHO"

(SERIAL Q)

EPISODE THREE: "The Search"

by

Glyn Jones.

F.I. CAM

SUPOSE CAM

Opening
Titles:

FROM PREVIOUS EPISODE

1. INT. PRISON CELL. DAY.

(ON THE SCREEN WE SEE
A PICTURE OF DOCTOR
WHO UNDER A GLASS
CASE AS WE HAVE
PREVIOUSLY SEEN.)

THE DOCTOR REACTS TO
THIS LATEST THREAT FROM
LOBOS)

SUPOSE CAM

Opening
Credit
Titles:

"THE SEARCH"

(THE CREDIT CAPTION FADES.)

LOBOS SEES THE PICTURE,
AND SMILES HAPPILY, MUCH
OF HIS FORMER COMPOSURE
RETURNING)

LOBOS: Yes, Doctor - I see
you take my meaning.

(HE PRESSES ANOTHER
CONTROL AND A BELL RINGS.)

TWO MOROKS APPEAR THROUGH
THE OPENING IN DOCTOR
WHO'S SECTION OF
CELL, AND THEY LIFT HIM
TO HIS FEET)

SUPOSE CAM

Author's
Caption:

"WRITTEN BY GLYN JONES"

(THE CREDIT CAPTION FADES)

LOBOS: Take him to the
preparation room!

(LOBOS SMILES AS THE
TWO MOROK GUARDS DRAG
DOCTOR WHO FROM THE
CELL)

END OF REPEAT INSERT

2. EXT. BUILDING. DAY.

(THE TARDIS STANDS OUTSIDE
THE MUSEUM. IT IS
GUARDED BY THE MOROKS
AS A NUMBER OF
XERONS STAND AROUND
AT THE ODDITY)

3. INT. MUSEUM CORRIDOR. DAY.

(WE ARE IN THE MUSEUM
CORRIDOR, LOOKING
TOWARDS THE DOORS,
THAT IAN AND BARBARA
ARE LOOKING OUT OF.
(THEY SEE THE PREVIOUS
SCENE).

THE DOORS HAVE BEEN
CLOSED EXCEPT FOR
A NARROW GAP WHICH
IAN IS LOOKING OUT
OF. BARBARA, TRYING
TO SEE VICKI, HER
BACK TO THE DOOR AND
WALL, FACES US)

IAN: It didn't take them long
to find it.

BARBARA: Let's hope the don't
do any damage...

IAN: There's not much they can
do - unless they get inside.

VICKI: Are they bringing it in
here?

IAN: Doesn't look like it...
Sorry, Vicki.

(IAN REALISES THAT VICKI
IS SHUT OUT, STEPS ASIDE.

VICKI PEERS OUT TAKING IN
THE SCENE, THEN, WHEN SHE
HAS SEEN ENOUGH, IAN
CLOSES THE DOORS)

IAN: Well? What next? Find the Doctor I suppose - I'm afraid I'm no expert when it comes to changing futures.

VICKI: I think one of us should keep watch on the Tardis. If we have to leave in a hurry we don't want to waste time having to look for it.

BARBARA: We know where it's going, Vicki - we saw it before.

VICKI: If it gets there we needn't bother, we won't have changed what's going to happen...

IAN: You know, this is becoming a nightmare!

BARBARA: It has been ever since we saw those cases. But we keep saying this! What are we going-to-do?

VICKI: Choice is only possible when you've got all the facts.

IAN: That's right, Barbara - do you realise we don't know anything about this planet?

BARBARA: Listen!

(BARBARA HOLDS UP A WARNING FINGER. SHE HAS HEARD SOME ACTIVITY FROM OUTSIDE, AS THEY ALL LISTEN, WE CUT TO:)

4. EXT. BUILDING. DAY.

(THE MOROKS ARE STILL ON GUARD, AS, WE RESUME ON THIS SET, WE HEAR FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING.

THE XERONS LOOK UP, SEE WHO IT IS, AND MELT AWAY FROM THE SCENE.

THE MOROKS, AND THE MOROK COMMANDER WHO APPEARS, COME TO ATTENTION, SALUTE, AND A SPLIT SECOND LATER, LOBOS, WITH AN ESCORTING GUARD COMES INTO FRAME.

LOBOS DISMISSES, RATHER THAN ACKNOWLEDGES THE SALUTES, HIS INTEREST IS IN THE TARDIS. HE MOVES UP TO IT, FEELS IT, MOVES TO LOOK BEHIND IT)

LOBOS: A strange looking craft. It must be very cramped, and uncomfortable, for four travellers inside at one time...

COMMANDER: Yes, sir...!

(LOBOS LOOKS AT HIM AS THOUGH HE IS A FOOL, INFERRING THAT HE WAS NOT SEEKING CONFIRMATION OF THE OBVIOUS BUT STATING A FACT. LOBOS PUSHES THE DOOR)

LOBOS: The door is locked.

(LOBOS STANDS ASIDE FOR THE COMMANDER TO OPEN IT. HE LOOKS EMBARRASSED)

COMMANDER: We were unable to gain entry, sir.

LOBOS: (SYMPATHETICALLY) They didn't leave you the key... (THEN) Force it open, you fool!

(THE COMMANDER SNAPS UP
A SALUTE, MOVES TO
ONE OF HIS GUARDS AS
LOBOS CONTINUES HIS
INSPECTION)

COMMANDER: (TO GUARD) Why wasn't
the cutting equipment brought here?
(cont...)

(THE GUARD IS ABOUT TO
ANSWER TO THE EFFECT
THAT NOBODY TOLD HIM
TO GET IT, BUT THE
MOROK COMMANDER CUTS
HIM DEAD - ALL FOR THE
EFFECT OF IMPRESSING LOBOS
- WITH:)

COMMANDER: (cont.) I'm not interested
in your excuses - you'll be dealt with
later. Get It!

(THE GUARD MOVES OFF IN
HASTE AND THE MOROK
COMMANDER, LOOKING AFTER
HIM, MOVES BACK TO LOBOS,
MUTTERING:)

Incompetent Fools...

(THE COMMANDER JOINS
LOBOS, PLUCKS UP COURAGE
TO ADVANCE A QUESTION:)

Have the aliens been captured, sir?

LOBOS: One has...

5. INT. MUSEUM CORRIDOR. DAY.

(IAN, BARBARA, AND
VICKI REACT HEARING
THIS)

LOBOS: (OVER. OFF) Three are still
at large...

(OVER THE ABOVE LINE:)

IAN: (LOW) Did you hear that?

BARBARA: (LOW) Yes, sah!

(VICKI INDICATES FOR
BOTH OF THEM TO KEEP
QUIET, AND WE CUT TO:)

6. EXT. BUILDING. DAY.

(WE RESUME ON LOBOS AND
COMMANDER)

COMMANDER: They could be in a
thousand places.

LOBOS: I expect a thousand places
to be searched! When this is over
discipline will be tightened. The army
here's gone soft - I am supposed to
have at my command trained soldiers,
not a feeble bunch of half-witted
amateurs!

(LOBOS MOVES AWAY TO
STUDY THE TARDIS AGAIN
AND WE CUT TO:)

7. INT. MUSEUM CORRIDOR. DAY.

(IAN, BARBARA AND VICKI
ARE CROUCHED AT THE DOOR
LISTENING.)

THEY CAN NO LONGER HEAR
THE COMMANDER OR LOBOS
TALKING)

BARBARA: They've stopped talking...

VICKI: Perhaps they've gone?

(IAN SHAKES HIS HEAD, CONTINUES.)

WE PAN FROM THEM TO THE
CORRIDOR AND SEE A MOROK
GUARD TURN INTO IT FROM
ONE OF THE ROOMS.

HE REACTS, GOES QUIET AND STILL, AND TAKES OUT HIS RAY GUN SLOWLY. HE MOVES UP ON THEM STEALTHILY AS THEY LISTEN FOR NOISES FROM OUTSIDE, THEN:)

GUARD: Stay as you are. Don't move.

(IAN, BARBARA, AND VICKI STIFFEN, TURN TO SEE HIM. THE GUARD COVERS THEM WITH THE GUN.

IAN AND BARBARA ARE SIDE BY SIDE. IAN GOES TO EDGE FORWARD, BARBARA PUTS UP AN ARM TO RESTRAIN HIM)

BARBARA: Don't he'll fire that thing.

IAN: Well? Wouldn't that change the shape of things to come?

BARBARA: Yes, of course it would. There'd only be three of us for those cases...

(IAN PAUSES, SHOOTS A LOOK AT BARBARA, AS THOUGH THAT IS SOMETHING HE HAD NOT CONSIDERED.

THE GUARD HAS WATCHED THEM, CONVERSING IN LOW TONES, SUSPICIOUSLY, AND STARTED WAVING DIRECTIONS TO THEM WITH HIS GUN)

GUARD: That's enough talking - move out, slowly!

(BARBARA AND VICKI ARE ABOUT TO MOVE BUT IAN RESTRAINS THEM FROM DOING SO. THE GUARD BEGINS TO LOOK UNEASY)

IAN: No, wait a minute. From what we've been hearing outside these soldiers work to orders, not initiative...

GUARD: I said - move out!

IAN: Yes, we heard you the first time. But we don't feel like going, do we?

VICKI: No, definitely not ...

BARBARA: Don't go too far, Ian ...

IAN: What were your orders?
Capture us? Bring us in?

(IAN: IS MOVING FORWARD
SLOWLY, CASUALLY)

GUARD: Yes. (THEN) Get back!

(BUT HE IS THE ONE
WHO RETRACES A STEP
NERVOUSLY)

IAN: There was nothing about killing us was there? Well? Was there? Answer me!

GUARD: No ... no there wasn't ...

IAN: Think what your superiors would say. "Have you brought in the aliens?" "No," you'd have to say. "I went and shot them all".

(IAN DRAWS IN A SHARP BREATH,
LOOKS VERY REPROVINGLY AT
THE GUARD AND SHAKES HIS
HEAD IN MOCK SYMPATHY.

THE GUARD IS NOW VERY
UNSURE OF HIMSELF, IAN'S
ATTITUDE IS THE LAST HE
EXPECTED, ONE HE HAS NEVER
ENCOUNTERED.

IAN HAS MOVED UP TO HIM
FOR THE REPROACH, AND NOW,
HE TURNS, BACK TO FACE VICKI
AND BARBARA.

THE GUARD RELAXES FRACTIONALLY
AND IAN, COUNTING ON THIS, HAS
STRUCK BLINDLY AT HIM. THE GUARD
STAGGERS, CATCHES IAN'S ARM.

THE GUARD AND IAN STRUGGLE AS:)

IAN: (SHOUTING) Run! Get out of it -
both of you!

(VICKI AND BARBARA REACT,
DECIDE, TURN TO THE DOOR)

8. EXT. BUILDING. DAY.

(LOBOS, THE COMMANDER, AND THE
GUARDS TURN TO THE DOOR AS:)

VICKI: (OVER) Ian - come on!

IAN: (OVER) Get going!

(LOBOS LOOKS TOWARDS THE
DOOR, SIGNALS HIS MEN)

LOBOS: In there - quickly!

b (THE COMMANDER LEADS THE
GUARDS TOWARDS THE DOOR,
WITH LOBOS, AS WE CUT TO:)

9. INT. MUSEUM CORRIDOR. DAY.

(BARBARA AND VICKI OPEN THE
DOOR FRACTIONALLY)

VICKI: They're outside! They're
coming in!

(IAN IS STILL FIGHTING WITH
THE GUARD)

IAN: (SHOUTING) Get away will you!

(WE START TO HEAR A
POUNDING AT THE DOORS)

BARBARA: Run, Vicki!

(BARBARA AND VICKI RUN, AS
THE DOOR GIVES WAY. IN
THE CONFUSION BARBARA AND
VICKI RUN IN OPPOSITE
DIRECTIONS.

IAN IS JUST SUCCESSFUL
BUT THE OTHER GUARDS
RUSH IN TO ASSIST IN
OVERPOWERING HIM)

LOBOS: Commander, get your men after
those women!

COMMANDER: Yes, sir! Guards!

(THE GUARD IAN STRUGGLED
WITH, AND THE GUARD
THAT ENTERED WITH
LOBOS REMAIN TO
HOLD A STRUGGLING IAN
BEFORE LOBOS.

THE COMMANDER LEADS OFF
THE REMAINING GUARDS OUT
OF SIGHT)

LOBOS: Take him to my office, wait for
me there ...

(THE GUARDS DRAG IAN TO
THE DOOR, AND OUT OF SIGHT.
LOBOS STALKS A FEW PACES
DOWN THE CORRIDOR)

Guards! Guards!

(AS LOBOS SCREAMS FOR THE
OTHER MEN SUPPOSEDLY ALREADY
SEARCHING THE MUSEUM BUILDING,
WE CUT TO:)

10. EXT. BUILDING. DAY.

(IAN IS DRAGGED FROM THE BUILDING BY THE TWO GUARDS.

THEY MOVE AWAY A FEW PAGES, IAN STRUGGLING TO NO AVAIL, WHEN SUDDENLY IAN GOES COMPLETELY LIMP.

THE TWO GUARDS CHECK, TO ADJUST HIS SUDDEN WEIGHT, AND, TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THIS, IAN RAMS HIS ELBOW INTO ONE OF THE GUARD'S STOMACH. THE WINDED GUARD STAGGERS AWAY.

IAN TURNS ON THE REMAINING GUARD, PINS HIM AGAINST THE WALL, HANDS CROSSED AGAINST HIS THROAT.

THE WINDED GUARD RECOVERS ENOUGH TO CONTINUE THE FIGHT. HE GRIPS HIS RAY GUN AS A CLUB, MOVES IN READY TO SMASH IAN ON THE BACK OF THE HEAD.

IAN SEES IT COMING: AT THE LAST MINUTE HE PULLS HIS HEAD TO ONE SIDE AND THE GUARD HE WAS HOLDING AGAINST THE WALL RECEIVES THE BLOW.

THE GUARD FALLS TO THE FLOOR UNCONSCIOUS.

IAN TURNS AND GIVES THE REMAINING GUARD A CLASSIC RIGHT TO THE JAW SENDING HIM FLYING.

FREE OF THEM IAN TURNS AND RUNS OFF FRAME.

THE TWO GUARDS TRY TO CLAW THEIR WAY TO THEIR FEET)

11. INT. MUSEUM STORE-ROOM. DAY.

(A DARK ROOM, NO LIGHT AS IN THE OTHERS, JUST SHAFTS BREAKING THROUGH FROM SOMEWHERE.

IT IS SIMILAR IN PROPORTION, CONSTRUCTION, AND SIZE TO THE ANTE-ROOMS, BUT IT IS FILLED WITH JUNK, A STOREROOM FOR DUPLICATES, UNWANTED ITEMS, AND CASES. THE DUST INDICATES THE INFREQUENCY OF ITS USE.

WE ESTABLISH THE ROOM, HEAR
RUNNING FOOTSTEPS, HEAR THE DOOR
OPEN AND SEE BARBARA COME
THROUGH, SHE TURNS TO LOOK
BACK THE WAY SHE HAS COME)

BARBARA: Vicki? Vicki?

(WE HEAR MORE FOOTSTEPS AND
BARBARA CLOSES THE DOOR. SHE
LISTENS, CATCHING HER BREATH.

AFTER A SLIGHT PAUSE:)

COMMANDER: (OVER) One of them came
this way.

(WE HEAR THE FOOTSTEPS
OUTSIDE. THE DOOR OF THE
ROOM IS TRIED, IT OPENS, A
GUARD LOOKS IN, LOOKS ROUND.

BARBARA PRESSES HERSELF
AGAINST THE WALL BEHIND
THE DOOR. THE GUARD
CLOSSES THE DOOR AGAIN, AND
BARBARA RELAXES MOMENTARILY.

SHE WAITS AS THE SOUNDS
DIE AWAY, THEN, WHEN ALL
IS QUIET SHE TRIES THE
DOOR. SHE REALISES, WITH
GROWING CONCERN, THAT SHE
IS UNABLE TO OPEN IT FROM
THIS SIDE, AND THAT SHE
IS LOCKED IN)

12. INT. MUSEUM CORRIDOR. DAY.

(VICKI RUNS DOWN THE CORRIDOR
SHE CHECKS AS SHE REALISES
THAT BARBARA IS NOT WITH HER,
OR FOLLOWING.

SHE LOOKS CONCERNED, IS
ABOUT TO GO BACK WHEN
WE HEAR FOOTSTEPS OF
GUARDS.

SHE BITES HER LIP ANXIOUSLY,
STARTS TO MOVE OFF AGAIN,
NOT LOOKING WHERE SHE IS
GOING BUT TOWARDS THE
INCREASING SOUNDS OF HER
PURSUERS.

VICKI DOES NOT SEE THE HANDS
THAT REACH OUT AND GRAB
HER INTO A DOORWAY)

13. EXT. BUILDING. DAY.

(LOBOS MOVES OUT OF THE
BUILDING, IRRITATED, THE MOROK
COMMANDER IS WITH HIM.

THE TWO GUARDS KNOCKED
OUT BY IAN ARE RECOVERING.
LOBOS SEES THIS, STRIDES
ACROSS TO THEM)

LOBOS: You let him escape? Oafs!
Incompetent fools!

(THE GUARD WHO FIRST CHALLENGED
IAN, BARBARA, AND VICKI,
NODS MISERABLY)

GUARD: Yes, sir.

LOBOS: Silence! (TO COMMANDER)
There are other ways of getting
them out. (Cont)

(LOBOS TURNS TO THE SECOND
GUARD WITH)

LOBOS: (cont) Withdraw our men from
this building. See that all exits are
guarded and have the rest search the
area for the one you allowed to escape!

(THE GUARD, NODDING AT EVERY
WORD PRACTICALLY MOVES OFF
AT SPEED, INTO THE BUILDING)

(TO FIRST GUARD) You remain here...

(THE GUARD NODS, TAKES UP A GUARDING POSITION, AND, WITH A WAVE OF HIS HAND LOBOS MOVES OUT OF FRAME, INDICATING THAT THE MOROK COMMANDER SHOULD FOLLOW HIM.

WE PAN TO TAKE THE MOROK COMMANDER AND LOBOS OFF, AND, IN DOING SO SHOW THAT IAN IS, IN FACT, HIDING BEHIND THE TELEPHONE BOX. PRESSED HARD AGAINST IT HE WATCHES THEM AWAY.

WE SEE THE GUARD, PREPARING FOR HIS SPELL OF DUTY. THE RAY GUN IS IN ITS HOLSTER, HE EASES IT FOR A QUICK DRAW.

WE RESUME ON IAN, THINKING OUT HIS BEST PLAN OF ATTACK. HE LOOKS DOWN AT THE GROUND, HAS A THOUGHT AND CROUCHES TO SIFT THE DUST FOR LARGER STONES.

COLLECTING SEVERAL HE MOVES AWAY FROM THE TELEPHONE BOX, BUT KEEPS IT BETWEEN HIM AND THE GUARD TO REMAIN UNSEEN.

HAVING BACKED AWAY TO GIVE HIMSELF ELBOW ROOM, IAN STARTS TO THROW THE STONES, HIGH IN THE AIR, OVER THE TELEPHONE BOX.

WE RESUME ON THE GUARD, SUDDENLY HE IS AWARE OF STONES FALLING. HE LOOKS UP, THINKING THAT SOMEBODY IS ON THE ROOF.

SEEING NOTHING, AND WITH THE STONES STILL FALLING, HE WALKS OUT FROM THE WALL, TURNS, AND LOOKS UP)

GUARD: Who's up there?

(IAN MOVES IN BEHIND HIM, REACHES CAREFULLY FOR THE EASED RAY GUN, PULLS IT FROM THE HOLSTER, STEPS BACK AND:)

IAN: I shouldn't worry about it.

(THE GUARD SPINS ROUND, REACHING FOR HIS EMPTY HOLSTER AND HIS EYES REACT IN FEAR AS HE SEES THAT IAN HAS THE GUN POINTING AT HIM)

GUARD: No ... no , don't kill me ...

IAN: That rather depends on you, doesn't it? I have some questions that need ...

GUARD: If I can answer, I will. I promise!

IAN: One of my friends has been captured, the old man...

(THE GUARD IMMEDIATELY LOOKS FEARFUL AND IAN SEES THIS)

What's happened to him?

GUARD: I don't know. I don't know!

(THE GUARD, BACKING UP TO STAND AGAINST THE TELEPHONE BOX, OBVIOUSLY DOES)

IAN: He's not ... dead?

GUARD: No ... No ...!

IAN: Then where is he?

(IAN BRINGS UP THE RAY GUN, THREATENING)

GUARD: He's been taken to the preparation room - it was nothing to do with me, I'm a simple soldier...

IAN: What happens there? (PAUSE) I said, what happens...

GUARD: He'll be got ready for the museum... You can't help him - once the process starts...

IAN: What kind of process?

GUARD: It's - it's like embalming ...

IAN: How long does it take?

GUARD: Several hours but ...

IAN: Take me there!

GUARD: You'll be killed - we'll both be killed ...

(IAN BRINGS UP THE RAY GUN, HIS FACE HARDENING, AND THE GUARD, GULPING, NODS AND LEADS IAN OFF SET)

14. INT. LOBOS' OFFICE. DAY.

(LOBOS STRIDES INTO HIS OFFICE, MOVES BEHIND HIS DESK, PICKS UP A SHEET OF PAPER THAT IS LYING THERE; READS IT)

LOBOS: A directive from Morok. They think we made a mistake in allowing the Xeron Youth to live. They are now almost men - and dangerous. (cont...)

(LOBOS SUDDENLY SCREWS UP THE PAPER, THROWS IT TO ONE SIDE)

LOBOS: (cont) Those aliens - they made fools of us.

(LOBOS REACHES ACROSS, FLICKS A CONTROL ON HIS INSTRUMENT PANEL)

Building six-two, the ventilation is standard?

VOICE: Yes, sir.

LOBOS: Good - (THINKING) the guards shouldn't take long to withdraw...
(THEN) In one hours time the air is to be replaced with Zaphra gas. Is that clear?

VOICE: Perfectly.

LOBOS: Then see that my order is carried out.

(LOBOS FLICKS BACK THE SWITCH,
STAND AND PACES, IS ON EDGE)

COMMANDER: Zaphra gas?

LOBOS: Are you not familiar with it? It is very effective. The gas spreads quickly, and possesses unique properties. It restricts breathing, movement, deadens the muscles. The two women will be completely defenceless, they will have to leave the building and surrender to the guards.

15. INT. MUSEUM STORE ROOM. DAY.

(BARBARA IS AGAIN TRYING THE DOOR, IT IS STILL FIRMLY AND SECURELY LOCKED. SHE LEANS AGAINST IT, DEJECTED AND BEATEN, AND WE:

FADE OUT:

FADE UP:

WE RESUME IN THE SAME SET. LATER.

BARBARA IS SITTING ON THE FLOOR LEANING AGAINST A PACKING CASE OR SIMILAR, HER EYES CLOSED.

WE CAN SEE THAT SHE HAS MADE SOME EFFORT TO ESCAPE. ODD PIECES OF TIMBER, ETC., ARE STREWN BY THE DOOR HAVING BEEN USED TRYING TO SMASH OR PRY THE DOOR OPEN IF THE SCRATCHES ARE ANYTHING TO GO BY.

WE CLOSE IN ON BARBARA,
AND, AS THOUGH SHE IS
SUDDENLY AWARE OF A
NOISE HER EYES OPEN
SUDDENLY.

THE DOOR HANDLE IS BEING
TURNED QUIETLY, THE MUSIC
STINGS.

WE RESUME ON BARBARA,
AS SHE GETS TO HER
FEET, STRAINING TO LISTEN.

WE SEE THE DOOR OPEN,
AND WITHOUT SEEING WHO
IT IS, WATCH AS IT
SWINGS INWARD.

BARBARA, SCARCELY DARING TO
BREATHE, PICKS UP A PIECE
OF TIMBER AS A WEAPON, AND
SLIPS SILENTLY BEHIND ONE
OF THE PACKING CASES, OUT
OF SIGHT.

WE ANGLE ON THE FLOOR,
NEAR THE DOOR, AND SEE A
PAIR OF FEET MOVE
STEALTHILY IN. WE CANNOT
SEE WHO THE INTRUDER
IS.

WE TRACK WITH THE FEET
AS THEY MOVE FORWARD,
PAUSE AS THE INTRUDER
LOOKS AROUND, THEN MOVES
ON OUT OF FRAME.

WE PAN UP FROM THE
FLOOR TO A PACKING
CASE AS BARBARA COMES
ROUND BEHIND IT, NOW TO
THE REAR OF THE INTRUDER
YET UNSEEN.

BARBARA LIFTS THE TIMBER
AS THOUGH TO STRIKE, WHEN
WE HEAR:)

DAKO: (THE UNSEEN INTRUDER) Barbara?
Are you in here?

(BARBARA STOPS SHORT IN
SURPRISE)

BARBARA: Who are you? How do you
know my name?

(WE HOLD ON BARBARA,
STILL NOT SEEING DAKO,
AND CUT TO:)

16. EXT. BUILDING. DAY.

(THE GUARD, AND IAN, HAVE GONE.
THE SET IS DESERTED.)

WE ANGLE ON TO THE DOOR
AS IT OPENS AND TOR PEERS
OUT. HE SEES THAT ALL IS
CLEAR, AND SIGNALS WITH HIS
HAND FOR THOSE BEHIND
HIM TO FOLLOW:)

TOR: There's no guard here - hurry.

(TOR MOVES OUT, FOLLOWED
BY VICKI, THEN SITA. TOR
IS ABOUT TO MOVE OFF
BUT VICKI GRABS HIS ARM:)

VICKI: Can't we wait for Barbara?

TOR: It's too dangerous. Dako will find
her and bring her to the hideout.

SITA: Quickly!

(AT SITA'S URGING, THE
THREE OF THEM MOVE OFF,
AND OUT OF SIGHT)

17. INT. MUSEUM STORE ROOM. DAY.

(BARBARA IS FACING DAKO, SHE
IS STILL NOT SURE OF HIM,
AND HOLDS THE TIMBER IN
A DEFENSIVE POSITION)

DAKO: Tor and Sita have taken Vicki
to our headquarters. You must believe me,
we are your friends ...

BARBARA: Why should you be?

DAKO: We are Xerons - this is our planet.

BARBARA: And the others? The ones in uniform?

(BARBARA IS LOSING HER
SUSPICIONS, AND LOWERING
HER TIMBER)

DAKO: Moroks! They changed our planet into a museum - a record of their wars, but soon we shall rise against them, drive them from Xeros.

BARBARA: Moroks? Where did they come from?

DAKO: Their planet is three light years away. (THINKING BACK) They invaded us without warning. Xeros was a place of peace. Scientific knowledge and the wisdom of our elders made us free from want.

BARBARA: Didn't you fight back?

DAKO: Their weapons were far superior to ours. We had planned for peace, and they for war.

(THEY LAPSE INTO SILENCE, THEN:)

You must come with me.

(BARBARA NOW ACCEPTS DAKO
AS A FRIEND)

BARBARA: Can we get out of here?

DAKO: There are many guards, but I will find a way. Come ...

(OVER THE LAST SENTENCES THEY
HAVE BEEN UNAWARE THAT THE
ZAPHRA GAS HAS BEGUN TO
CURL ROUND THE EDGES OF THE
SLIGHTLY OPEN DOOR AND CURL
INTO THE ROOM.

NOW, AS THEY SEE THIS:)

DAKO: Look! They must have set the museum on fire ...

(BARBARA MOVES TO THE DOOR, OPENS IT. THE GAS SWIRLS IN, AND SHE CLOSES IT, ALMOST. THEY BOTH START TO COUGH, HAVE DIFFICULTY IN BREATHING)

BARBARA: It isn't that

DAKO: What is it?

BARBARA: Some kind of gas.

(THERE IS A SLIGHT PAUSE, WITH BARBARA TRYING TO THINK OF WHAT THE BEST THING TO DO IS)

DAKO: My eyes - they're stinging ...

BARBARA: Have you got something to hold over your mouth?

(BARBARA HAS TAKEN OUT HER HANDKERCHIEF AND DAKO, NODDING, USES EITHER THE EDGE OF HIS TUNIC OR A SLEEVE WHICH HE UNBUTTONS. THEY GO THROUGH A DOOR AND VANISH INTO THE SWIRLING GAS)

18. INT. TOR'S ROOM. DAY.

(TOR, SITA, AND VICKI HAVE ARRIVED AT THE DERELICT ROOM THAT SERVES AS THE BOYS' HEADQUARTERS.

THEY ARE SEATED ROUND IN VARIOUS POSITIONS EATING AND DRINKING A HASTILY PREPARED MEAL.

TOR AND SITA HAVE BEEN TELLING VICKI OF WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO THEIR PLANET, WE JOIN THEM AS:)

VICKI: Then what happened? After the Moroks had conquered this planet?

TOR: They destroyed everything, even our people. Only the children were spared, to work.

VICKI: How horrible!

TOR: We are a slave race - as we grow older we are taken to other planets. Sita and myself and Dako were due to be sent. That is why we hide here and plan ...

SITA: But although we've sworn to drive the Moroks from Xeros it will not be easy. The life they impose on us makes organisation difficult.

VICKI: There doesn't seem to be many Moroks - you must out-number them.

TOR: It is unpleasant to admit, but our opposition is weak, and unarmed. A very small army can easily keep control.

VICKI: But you're planning a revolution ...

(VICKI HAS TRIED TO ENCOURAGE.
AS THEY HAVE TOLD VICKI
THE SITUATION THEY HAVE
BECOME DOWN-HEARTED AT
THE HOPELESSNESS OF IT.

SITA GETS UP; SLAMS HIS MUG
DOWN AND TURNS AWAY.

TOR LOOKS AT HIM THEN
BACK AT VICKI. HE SMILES
AT HER)

TOR: Why did you and your friends come to Xeros?

VICKI: Oh - it was an accident ...

TOR: Of course. No-one would come to Xeros from choice. The Moroks' reputation is universal.

(THE CONVERSATION LAPSES
SLIGHTLY AGAIN, THEN SITA,
DEPRESSED, TURNS BACK
WITH:)

SITA: It is late - Dako, and your friend,
Barbara, have been captured ...

TOR: They would need time to dodge
the guards ...

SITA: (INTERRUPTING) As long as this? We
would be fooling ourselves to believe
otherwise ...

VICKI: (LOOKING AT THEM) Well, you can't
just accept it - we've got to help them!

(TOR AND SITA REMAIN SILENT)

Sitting here and planning and dreaming,
of a revolution, isn't going to win your
planet back.

SITA: We do all we can.

VICKI: By making a nuisance of
yourselves - that's all it is.

TOR: What can we do without weapons?

VICKI: Nothing. We must get some.

SITA: (LAUGHING) Now who's dreaming?

VICKI: The Moroks are armed ...

SITA: So we can take them from the Moroks?

VICKI: Why not? That is revolution.

TOR: Vicki, we have tried. We have
occasionally overpowered a guard and taken
his ray-gun, but what can one gun do
against even a small army?

SITA: And when that happens they take hostages, until the gun is returned.

VICKI: Where are the guns kept?

TOR: At the armoury.

VICKI: If you had guns, lots of them - would you be able to organise your friends, distribute the guns, really wage a war?

TOR: Of course!!! (SMILING WRYLY)
That is where we are strong - in our planning.

SITA: But the armoury is out of our reach.

VICKI: Don't you know it is?

TOR: We know - but its key is something that we could never attain.

VICKI: I don't understand?

TOR: The armaments are kept behind locked doors, an impregnable safe.

VICKI: What kind of lock does it have?

TOR: An electronic brain, programmed to ask questions. The answer given, opens the door, but they only open to the truth ...

VICKI: A sort of lie-detector? I'd like to see it, perhaps I could ... well, I'd just like to see it ...

(TOR AND SITA EXCHANGE
LOOKS)

TOR: We can take you.

SITA: But why are you so interested in us? Why do you want this revolution so much, Vicki?

VICKI: I've just as many reasons as you, perhaps more, to want to see the future changed. Perhaps I'll explain later - but I think we should go now ...

(SITA AND TOR AGAIN
EXCHANGE GLANCES THEN NOD.
THEY TURN, AND, AS THEY
ALL GO OUT OF THE
ROOM, WE:)

19. EXT. BUILDING. DAY.

(ALTHOUGH THIS IS IN THE
EXTERIOR BUILDING SET, WE
SHOOT IT TIGHT AGAINST THE
WALL OF THE MUSEUM SO, IN
FACT, THE LOCATION COULD BE
ANYWHERE.

AS WE WATCH THE CAPTURED
GUARD, AND IAN, WITH THE
RAY GUN, MOVE INTO SHOT.
THE GUARD STOPS, AND IAN
MOVES UP TO HIM)

IAN: What's wrong?

GUARD: This is the building ...

IAN: Take me in then.

GUARD: It would be better to wait ...

(IAN THINKING THIS IS A TRICK
RAISES THE RAY GUN, AND THE
GUARD TALKS QUICKLY TO EXPLAIN)

GUARD: (cont) ... It is a busy time of day,
later there will not be so many guards on
duty, you will stand a better chance!

(IAN THINKS OVER THIS, THEN,
HEARING A PERSON APPROACHING,
THE FOOTSTEPS CRUNCHING, HE
BRINGS UP HIS GUN INTO THE
MAN'S FACE)

IAN: Find out if they've caught the others. I'll be covering you from here ...

(IAN LOOKS AROUND. POINTS
OFF TO BEHIND CAMERA
THEN MOVES OUT OF FRAME
IN THAT DIRECTION.)

THE GUARD TURNS, AND
THE MOROK COMMANDER
COMES INTO VIEW.
HALTING SHARPLY WHEN HE
SEES THE GUARD)

COMMANDER: What are you doing here,
soldier? Why have you left your post?

GUARD: Lobos sent an order. I am
to report to him.

(THE GUARD LICKS HIS
LIPS NERVOUSLY)

COMMANDER: You didn't leave your post
unguarded?

GUARD: The replacement hadn't arrived
when I left but ...

COMMANDER: Fool!...

GUARD: It was the Governor's order, sir.
He said immediately.

COMMANDER: Then why are you waiting here?
Alright, I'll check on the replacement.
Now - move.

(THE GUARD HALF TURNS
BACK TO THE COMMANDER)

GUARD: Sir.

COMMANDER: What is it now, soldier?

GUARD: Have the aliens been recaptured?

COMMANDER: Not yet, but the Zaphra gas will
soon drive them from their hiding places.

(THE MOROK COMMANDER TURNS,
MOVES FROM THE SCENE.

THE GUARD STARTS TO MOVE
OFF AS THE QUESTION IS
ANSWERED, BUT HALTS, TURNS
TO FACE CAMERA, WAITS
NERVOUSLY.

WE SEE IAN MOVE BACK
INTO FRAME, LOOKING OFF
TO THE DIRECTION THAT THE
COMMANDER TOOK)

IAN: You did very well. We'll do as you
say, wait outside. Over there.

(IAN INDICATES WITH HIS
GUN THE DIRECTION HE
CAME FROM, AND, AS THE
GUARD NODS AND PREPARES
TO MOVE OFF, WE:)

20. INT. ARMOURY. DAY.

(WE FEATURE A LARGE,
SAFE CUM STRONGROOM DOOR.
IT IS IN A SMALL
ALCOVE, BESIDE THE
DOOR STANDS SEVERAL
CABINETS OF EQUIPMENT
OF THE ELECTRONIC BRAIN
VARIETY, WITH REVOLVING SPOOLS.
THERE IS A SPEAKER OVER
THE SAFE DOOR, AND A
DOUBLE LINE OF INWARD
POINTING LIGHTS LEADING UP
TO THE DOOR, SO THAT WHEN
YOU APPROACH, THE BEAMS ARE
BROKEN.

A MOROK GUARD STANDS, BORED,
A FEW FEET FROM THE
SAFE DOOR AND OUTSIDE THE
BEAMS. HE HEARS A SUDDEN
NOISE FROM HIS LEFT, TURNS,
INTERESTED.

AS HE DOES SO TOR AND
SITA HURL THEMSELVES IN
FROM HIS RIGHT, AND, QUICKLY
OVERPOWERING HIM, KNOCK
HIM UNCONSCIOUS.

VICKI MOVES IN FROM THE
LEFT TO JOIN THEM AS THEY
STAND TO THEIR FEET)

TOR: Well - this is the armoury.

(VICKI LOOKS AT IT, AT THE
BEAMS, THEN MOVES TO
THE EQUIPMENT)

SITA: Can you do anything? Do you know
how they work?

VICKI: It must work to the same pattern.

(THIS MORE TO HERSELF, THEN TO SITA)

Break the light beam ...

TOR: The questions will start!

VICKI: Yes, I know ...

(TOR LOOKS AT SITA, NODS.
SITA MOVES ACROSS, WALKS
INTO THE INWARD POINTING
LIGHTS.

AS SITA HAS DONE THIS,
VICKI AND TOR HAVE MOVED
TO THE EQUIPMENT. ONE
OF THE SPOOLS STARTS
TURNING.

OVER THE SPEAKER COMES A
STATIC, MECHANICAL VOICE)

VOICE: (OVER) Do you have the Governor's
permission to approach?

(SITA LOOKS NERVOUS,
DOES NOT ANSWER)

Give withdrawal requisition number.

(VICKI POINTS OUT THE REVOLVING
SPOOL TO TOR)

VICKI: This is where the questions are
programmed!

VOICE: (OVER) For what purpose are
the arms needed?

(VICKI EXAMINES THE CABINET)

VICKI: Help me try and get the front off ...

(AS TOR MOVES IN TO HELP
VICKI.)

SITA MOVES AWAY FROM THE
SAFE DOOR. IT IS STILL
VERY FIRMLY CLOSED)

21. INT. LOBOS' OFFICE. DAY.

(LOBOS IS ALONE IN HIS
OFFICE, PACING UP AND DOWN.
HE CAN STAND THE WAITING
NO LONGER AND MOVES ROUND
TO HIS DESK AND FLICKS OVER
A SWITCH ON THE SMALL
CONTROL PANEL ON HIS DESK)

LOBOS: Are the aliens still in the building?

VOICE: (OVER) Yes, sir - we have seen no
movement.

LOBOS: Very well. Keep the men alerted!
They'll soon be coming out.

(LOBOS SOON REPLACES THE SWITCH,
MOVES AWAY FROM DESK, LOOKS
AT HIS WATCH)

22. INT. MUSEUM CORRIDOR. DAY.

(WE HOLD THE MUSEUM CORRIDOR
FULL OF THE SWIRLING GAS,
THEN, PANNING, WE SEE
BARBARA AND DAKO STAGGER
INTO SHOT, MOVING ALONG
THE CORRIDOR TOWARDS THE
DOOR.

BARBARA AND DAKO STILL
COVER THEIR FACES, THEY
MOVE WITH DIFFICULTY)

BARBARA: We're nearly there, Dako.

(DAKO, NOT KNOWING WHAT HE IS DOING STAGGERS AWAY, HE CANNOT SEE, HIS EYES ARE STREAMING WITH WATER.

HE CRASHES INTO THE WALL AND FALLS TO THE FLOOR IN A HEAP.

BARBARA, NOT SO BADLY AFFECTED, BUT HAMPERED NONE-THE-LESS, TURNS TO LOOK AT THE NOT TOO DISTANT DOOR. SHE IS NOT TOO SURE WHETHER TO CONTINUE ON, BUT, DECIDING, SHE MOVES BACK TO THE NOW UNCONSCIOUS DAKO.

BARBARA BENDS DOWN, TRIES UNSUCCESSFULLY TO LIFT HIM, THEN TO DRAG HIM. SHE IS GETTING WEAKER HERSELF, AND FINALLY SHE FALLS WITH HER OWN EFFORTS.

BARBARA; LIES ON THE FLOOR, UNMOVING. WE CLOSE IN ON HER, HOLD, AND THEN:)

23. INT. ARMOURY. DAY.

(VICKI AND TOR STAND EACH SIDE OF THE CABINET, NOW BARE OF ITS METAL FRONT.

VICKI IS ADJUSTING CONTROLS)

TOR: Have you done it?

VICKI: I'm not sure - I think so.

TOR: The door hasn't opened.

VICKI: We'll still have to answer the questions.

TOR: Then you've failed - the lock reacts only to the truth.

VICKI: And it still does Tor, you'll see.

(VICKI MOVES OUT FROM THE CABINET, THOUGHTFULLY GIVING IT ONE LAST LOOK AND STARTS TO MOVE TOWARDS THE SAFE DOOR.

AS WE PULL?OUT WE SEE SITA HOLDING THE FRONT OF THE CABINET. TOR MOVES TO WATCH VICKI, AND SITA, LEAVING THE SECTION HE IS HOLDING AGAINST THE WALL MOVES ACROSS TO JOIN TOR.

VICKI PLUCKS UP HER NERVE, WALKS INTO THE CORRIDOR OF LIGHT BEAMS. AS SHE BREAKS THE BEAM, THE SPOOLS REVOLVE, AND WE HEAR:)

VOICE: (OVER) Do you have the Governor's permission to approach?

VICKI: No.

(THERE IS A LONGISH PAUSE AS THE NEXT QUESTION HAS BEEN DELETED BY VICKI. WE CUT AROUND TO SEE THEIR ANXIOUS FACES, THEN:)

VOICE: (OVER) For what purpose are the guns needed?

VICKI: Revolution.

(THERE IS A PAUSE, THEN WE HEAR A RUMBLE. THE DOOR STARTS TO OPEN OF ITS OWN ACCORD SLOWLY.

TOR AND SITA EXCHANGE LOOKS. SITA MOVES TO AND GOES INTO THE SAFE, THROUGH THE DOOR. TOR FOLLOWS HIM, PAUSING TO GRIP VICKI'S HANDS TIGHT)

VICKI: I just left the questions I could answer in: then told the truth!

(TOR SMILES AND MOVES TOWARDS
THE SAFE AS SITA COMES OUT
HOLDING SEVERAL WEAPONS)

SITA: There's everything we want, Tor -
and more. We can arm everybody!

TOR: Good - get as many as you can carry
and give them to Shan for distribution.
I'll give mine to the Tolman colony, and
bring them back for more ...

(DURING THE LAST SPEECH WE CUT
TO VICKI, HEAR TOR'S SPEECH
LOW IN THE BACKGROUND. WE
HOLD VICKI IN CLOSE UP AS:)

VICKI: (TO HERSELF) I wonder if this
will keep us out of the cases?

(WE HOLD ON VICKI MOMENTARILY
AND THEN:)

24. INT. LOBOS' OFFICE. DAY.

(WE CLOSE UP ON LOBOS
SITTING AT HIS DESK WORKING
AT SOME PAPERS.

THERE IS A KNOCK AT THE
DOOR, HE LOOKS UP)

LOBOS: Come in.

(THE DOOR OPENS AND THE
GUARD COMES IN FOLLOWED BY
IAN, THE GUARD STANDS TO ONE
SIDE, CLOSES THE DOOR. IAN
HAS THE RAY GUN OUT OF SIGHT.

AS SOON AS LOBOS SEES IAN
HE STANDS SMILING HAPPILY. HE
WALKS ROUND THE DESK)

LOBOS: Well! At last!

(LOBOS STRIKES IAN ACROSS
THE FACE)

LOBOS: (cont) You aliens have caused me enough trouble.

(HE TURNS TO GO BACK TO HIS DESK)

I shall see that you pay for it.

(LOBOS TURNS TO LOOK BACK AT IAN AND HIS SMILE LEAVES HIS FACE INSTANTLY, HE LOOKS HORRIFIED.

WE SEE A VERY DETERMINED IAN STANDING THERE LEVELLING A RAY GUN AT THE GOVERNOR.

THE GUARD, WHO HAS SEEN ALL THIS COMING, HAS REACTED WITH LIP BITING, HORROR, EYES TO HEAVEN, ETC.)

LOBOS: You'll be a fool if you killed me - it will achieve nothing.

IAN: Possibly - but it might be enjoyable.

(IAN MOVES FORWARD THREATENINGLY AND LOBOS SITS DOWN SUDDENLY IN HIS DESK CHAIR)

LOBOS: What do you want?

IAN: Take me to the Doctor, the old man you captured.

LOBOS: And if I refuse?

IAN: Oh, I don't think you'll be as silly as that.

(IAN RAISES THE RAY GUN AGAIN.

LOBOS IS STALLING, FEELING THAT IF HE TAKES IAN TO THE DOCTOR HE WILL PAY FOR IT ANYWAY)

LOBOS: You'll kill me anyway.

IAN: You're wasting time!

LOBOS: Am I? It's too late for you to help him - he's already passed into the second stage of preparation.

IAN: What does that mean?

LOBOS: He is beyond your help. Your help, my help - anyone's help!

IAN: You're bluffing.

LOBOS: Am I?

IAN: Come on - move. Take me to him!

(LOBOS PAUSES THEN GETS UP SLOWLY)

Hurry up!

LOBOS: Hurrying won't help your friend, the Doctor.

(LOBOS MOVES TO A DOOR, STANDS BY IT. IT LEADS FROM HIS OFFICE)

IAN: Is he in there?

LOBOS: Yes.

IAN: Open it.

LOBOS: Do you still think I am bluffing?

(IAN TURNS, SIGNALS THE WAITING GUARD TO MOVE ACROSS AND OPEN THE DOOR.)

SUPOSE CAM Next Episode
 "The Final Phase"

FADE CREDIT CAPTION

(THE GUARD MOVES ACROSS. DOES SO.)

LOBOS, NERVOUS, BUT TRUE TO HIMSELF IS RESUMING WITH HIS SLIGHTLY SUPERIOR SMILE. IAN WATCHES HIM.

THE GUARD OPENS THE DOOR, STEPS BACK. IAN LOOKS AT EACH OF THEM IN TURN. THEN, DECIDING, STEPS FORWARD TO TAKE A LOOK.

CUT TO A REVERSE SHOT AS IAN MOVES INTO THE DOOR FRAME. HE LOOKS IN, THEN UP. AN EXPRESSION OF HORROR COMES OVER IAN'S FACE)

IAN: Doctor!

(WE HOLD MOMENTARILY ON IAN, THEN:)

SUPOSE CAM

Roll
Credit
Caption:

(CLOSING MUSIC)

FADE OUT